

Mexico---the I. W. W. of Nations

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LEROY ARMSTRONG

Editor

## ALFRED WALLACE IS WRONG

In spite of the evident cruelty of it I will I will have to tell Dr. Alfred Wallace that he is wrong. The doctor, it will be remembered, is entitled to an equal undivided half interest with Charles Darwin in the honor of discovering that man owes his origin to the monkey. The doctor may be right about that—though the more I know about monkeys the less I want to hold them responsible for Caleb Inlow. But he must be wrong in his latest discovery. It is to the effect that "human character today is no better than it was in the days of Homer."

The fruit of character is achievement. Men are better than they were in Homer's day—granting you can fix the age in which that myth-muffled man was living—because there are fewer cesspools and more schoolhouses, more hospitals and fewer horrors, fewer fleas and more furnaces, more electric cookstoves and telephones and interurban cars and moving picture shows and Sunday sermons; more dry goods and fewer goatskins, less hell and more hospitals, more books and less blood-letting, less mud and more music.

You don't gather figs from thistles; you don't get good from bad. A condition of general ignorance, squalor and vice doesn't produce civilizations' adornments and twentieth century accessories.

And you may work this rule both ways. Because the people of Homer's day didn't have these things that are the common possession of all the people now, the people of Homer's day didn't compare in character any more than in clothes with the people of the present. "A good tree bringeth forth good fruit," and that is why it is a good tree.

Dr. Wallace is a garrulous old gentleman, but he can't make monkeys of us twice in one generation.

You can get more funerals and less fun out of the motorcycle races than anything this side of the Balkan war.

## HOW TO TREAT A CAPITOL CONTRACTOR

With only two exceptions, contractors are ravening lions, seeking to devour. Material is their mainstay, and extras their familiar fattening. A good contractor can bluff a building commission into making concessions that look like money for the people. He knows how to groan while yielding a point that he never wanted, and thereby gaining a subsidiary clause calling for eye teeth and the disappearing dollar. He can make a comma bring home a fat check on payday, and an omitted period means the filling of a safety deposit box. He can tire out a commission quarreling over some point that doesn't interest him or anyone else under the sun, and just before the nervous collapse of his victims, get a paragraph so construed as to warrant him in buying a summer home in the Adirondacks.

You know that series of Mutt and Jeff pictures? Jeff borrows Mutt's motorboat, smashes it against a piling, and goes home to explain. And he starts right. He beats Mutt to the hamburger steak stage, and then apologises for bringing up the boat.

Thus be it ever to contractor. Hunt him up in the morning and wear out a length of lead pipe on his bulging head, and when he comes back from the hospital make him beg pardon. Tell him whatever he wants he don't get, and make it a point to break a leg for him every Saturday night.

It will take three years to complete the Capitol; and if the commission doesn't start in on the contractor pretty soon, he will move the Hill away, and put an oolitic limestone sarcophagus where the state house ought to be.

This is the rule to be followed with all contractors—excepting two.

Now the lascivious Caminetti—

Moral model, the spaghetti—

Takes the stand and tells the nation

He's embarrassed like creation;

Not because he didn't steal the girl and run away,

But because, the canine lover,

He swears he can discover

She was just as bad as he was, any day.

## ESOP, A PROPHET.

Surely that wise old story teller of the east could not better have described political conditions in the Democratic camp of Utah if he had waited till this year of grace to publish his fable of the frogs that wanted a king.

Not that any friends, the Democrats, are frogs, or that they have asked for a king. The fable is far too subtle for a literal application. But for years and years the strongest accusation made against Republican rule in this state has been the existence of the alleged "Federal Bunch."

think my other old friend A. N. McKay, now piloting the Tribune in pleasant waters, is father of the term. But it stuck, and when a Democrat failed to convert a Republican by the use of logic and argument and facts and figures and splendid rhetoric, and observed the Republican victim of his efforts grow stronger with each succeeding season, he would point to the Federal Bunch—and the argument was ended.

When a Democratic worker has formed a Jacksonian weak in the faith, inclined to admit that the state was doing pretty well under Republican rule, and that the nation wasn't exactly going to the dogs under the guidance of the Grand Old Party, the worker had only to mention "Federal Bunch!" and the vacillating Jacksonian

England's decision to take no part in the Panama-Pacific exposition reminds me of the boy who punished his parents by refusing to go to the circus. The elephant never missed him.

came squarely back into the ranks, and resolutely stayed there. When a Democrat wanted one more vote on election day he hunted up some chilly Republican not identified with the controlling crowd, pointed the finger of scorn at him, and said "Federal Bunch!" in a tone of hissing and of scorn. And the chilly Republican always warmed up and cast his vote against the party candidates.

The Democrats didn't like the condition any more than the frogs of the fable liked theirs. So they prayed for a change, and now that they have it they aren't a bit happier than they were before.

If they are not careful they will keep on and complete the parallel—and get eaten up by some final Sterk summoned to rule over them.

Of course old 'Quil Nebeker ought to be United States Marshal for Utah. Not that he really needs the place, but just to preserve the verities. There was a day when 'Quil Nebeker was absolutely and in his own person the Democratic party of the state. Indeed, he was more. He was the Great State of Utah. He held in his hands the power to make a United States senator at a time when the legislature fooled away its opportunity—and Nebeker named a Democrat. That is one of the big stories of politics as she is played.

You see, the Democrats of Utah were in power, and they quarrelled—as usual. The legislators, charged with the duty—and the privilege—of electing a United States senator, quarrelled most of all. Some wanted to send Mr. McCune to Washington. Some wanted to send Judge William H. King—who was making a right good record in the lower house of congress, by the way; and some were for Judge O. W. Powers—in many ways the best candidate.

Well, they balloted along and fussed along till the constitutional referee rang the bell, and